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THE LATE PRENTICE MULFORD.

The Substance of His Teaching Explained by One Who Understood It. (Special Correspondence.)

New York, June 10.—If the late Prentice Mulford had singled out from all his writings one sentence that he wished to stand as a memorial of him and his work, it would have been this, "Thoughts are things."

Indeed, there are some whose experience it has been to see the veritable image and picture of their thoughts flash before them at times, when in a peculiarly quiet mental condition. In Prentice Mulford's view the space all around and above us was peopled with images, spirits and things.

I have thus emphasized and dwelt on this phase of Mulford's doctrine because it was what he himself constantly dwelt on and made prominent. But he taught much besides. He was really the founder of a system of philosophy, profound and far reaching.

He believed thoroughly in reincarnation, that world old doctrine that is now penetrating the thought of our time so deeply. In his heart I am sure he believed he could trace himself back to at least one former existence.

As the race developed its spiritual nature Mulford thought there would be in it less and less of the heavy material parts that decay. Consequently, illuminated by the divine spirit, free from disease or wasting cares, which we would in the course of ages learn to eliminate from our lives, this philosopher reasoned that we might stay here in this life as long as we chose, and that the transition to the next stage would no more be the violent, terrible wrench that death now is, but merely a gentle, mysterious change, if indeed there would be any change at all with the highly spiritualized bodies the coming thought will build for us.

He loved the sea as Goethe loved it, and so many other poets, seers and dreamers. If Prentice Mulford could have chosen the manner of his own death I think he would have elected to go as he did go—he died alone in his boat on a Long Island bay—wafted back to the infinite on the bosom of the sweet, green, restful sea.

ELSA ARCHARD CONNER.

The Newsboy's Banker.

I found "Fatty," the newsboy, on the shady side of the Pulitzer building yesterday, looking over his account book with the boys, and after I had offered to stand treat for the milkshakes, and thereby convinced him that my motives were entirely honorable, he let me copy off the items as they stood. Here is the account of money loaned and now due:

Table with columns: Name, Amount. Includes Kid, Limpy, Redhead, Pawnee, Smiler, Jersey, Dago, Dutch, Guy, Skipped.

Total. "What do you mean by 'skipped'?" I asked, as I returned the book. "It was Jimmy, with the front tooth gone," he replied. "He was my private secretary, and he collected in that much last week and forgot to come back. They say he's in Philadelphia, and I'll run down some day and drop in on him."

Mutual Profit.



From Sofa to Hammock. Dear parlor sofa, fare thee well! A long and fond adieu. The hammock days have come and so we say farewell to you and sigh to think of all the beaux we had, and coal was awful high—stone ventured to propose.

Ah, no, they'd simply talk and smile And sigh and breathe. And pa kept scolding all the while Because gas bills were great. But none got down to business and brought matters to a close. Although mamma and I have planned, None of them has proposed.

And pa be oftentimes threatened to Apply them to his foot. And sought to hang within their view This motto: "Pop or scoot!" But after all the coal they burned— We say it with regret— Another summer has returned And finds us single yet.

Now that we greet the gentle spring And chilly winds are gone, We'll once more in the hammock swing At even on the lawn. Where some one may, ere summer's o'er, Propose and make us glad. And if they don't we're very sure, Poor pa will just go mad.

—Chicago Herald.

IMPOSSIBLE.

We Could Stand a Good Deal, but That Was Too Much.

The young explorer strained his blooming bride to his bosom, but shook his head. "My love," he said, smoothing with caressing touch her golden hair, "you do not know what you ask. How could you endure the hardships, the privations, the sufferings of an arctic voyage?"

"I am strong, Harold!" she pleaded. "I can endure more than you think. If you leave me behind I shall suffer a thousand times more than if you take me along. With you by my side I could stand every hardship and every privation. Have women never journeyed to the frozen zones?"

"A very few have done so," he admitted, with some reluctance, "but they were—specially fitted, doubtless, to endure the intense cold of those latitudes."

"Specially fitted? Look at me, Harold! Am I not young, healthy, vigorous?" "Yes, dear."

"Don't you think I have the fortitude to endure what any other woman can?" "I—don't doubt it, pet."

"Think of my loneliness, Harold! Think how—" "Think of seventy degrees below zero, Amelia!"

"I am not afraid of it!" A shade of anguish darkened the brow of the young husband. "How can I tell her?" he moaned.

"Harold!" She was looking at him with blazing eyes. "I insist upon your telling me, Harold, what it is that is on your mind! If you don't wish me to be with you—" "It is not that, Amelia!" he said in a hollow voice, "but—have you any idea how bitter it is when mercury freezes solid, when iron becomes so cold it burns you to touch it, and when—" "I have read of it all."

"Have you ever looked at—at yourself in the glass?" "What do you mean?" "Don't you know, dearest, that—that any exposed portion of—the human organism would be instantly—" "Well, sir?"

With a convulsive effort he mastered his emotion. He became frightfully calm. "Amelia," he said, "you are young, strong, vigorous and resolute. You are cheerful itself. You are the most charming being in the world. But, my love," he continued in a voice that fell upon her ears like an irrevocable decree of fate, "your nose is too long. In the latitude of the polar circle in January it wouldn't last half an hour. I could never go through this world with a noseless wife!"

Before their minds rose unbidden the vision of the woman with the artificial nose whose portrait has illuminated all the papers in the country for so many long years. They drew closer together, shuddered involuntarily, and were silent.—Chicago Tribune.

Economical. Judge Banderstark is a prominent New Yorker, who is immensely wealthy and closer than the bark on a dog. He walks the entire distance from city hall to his residence on Ninety-ninth street, although just now the heat is very great. There are street cars running right to his door. A friend said to him: "It must make you sick to walk eight miles home to dinner. I don't see how you can eat a mouthful."

"That's just why I walk," replied Vanderstark, who is descended from one of the very original Dutch settlers. "Yes, that's why I walk. It makes me so tired I can't eat. If I were to ride home, I'd have a starving appetite, but when I walk so far I have no appetite at all when I get home, so you see I save both car fare and dinner. If I were to ride home I'd eat myself into the poorhouse in less than a year. I'm such a hog."—Texas Siftings.

The Tired Woman's Epitaph. Here lies a poor woman who always was tired. Who lived in a house where help was not hired. Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going. Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping nor sewing. But everything there is exact to my wishes. For when they don't eat there's no washing of dishes. I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing. But having no voice, I'll get clear of the singing. Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never—I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."—Detroit Free Press.

The Scourge of the Season. What fear hath chilled the giddy throng? What terror stills the merry song? What numbs the dancers' flying feet? What woe hath come the house to greet? The guests from banquet table fly with pallid cheek and glaring eyes: the landlord groans, the feeble clerk turns off the gas, and all is dark. Of light and love and mirth bereft, the lonely tavern still is left to hear Miss Bell Sarsay recite low "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight."—Burdette in Philadelphia Press.

Unnecessary Force. Friend—What are you going to do with this immense revolver? Dolly Simple—I'm tired of life, me deans fellah, and I'm going to blow me down out. Friend—Pahaw! Why don't you just take a pinch of snuff and sneeze?—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Attachment Served. "Miss Angelina," said young Mr. Briefless, the barrister, with ill concealed emotion, "I know that my inexperience in courts is against me—this is, in fact, my first suit—but I have an attachment for you. Will you accept service?" "Just as you are without one plea," gushed Miss Angelina, as Mr. Briefless folded her to his breast with legal precision and imprudently a seal upon her rouge red lips.—Chicago Times.

His Superhuman Effort. Briggs—I see that Spouter has been blacklisted for not paying his tailor's bill. Griggs—Why, I thought he had suddenly become rich. Briggs—He has. But he is making a desperate effort to be a gentleman.—Brooklyn Life.

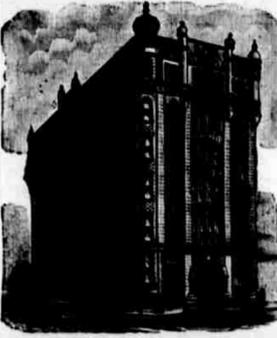
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